

The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVII November 6, 1942 NUMBER 3

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THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, \$5.00; Foreign, \$6.00

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Utilizing America's Manpower

IN THE PROSECUTION of this war against powerful enemies on two oceans and seven seas there is no chance whatever of success through halfhearted or halfway measures. Victory demands nationwide effort and efficiency. And we have now reached the point where definite decisions must be made as to the allocation of our manpower and womanpower. The vital sectors are the armed forces, the war industries and essential food production. Transportation and communication must also be included. Then there are the goods and services which must be maintained to serve as at least a skeleton for civilian life. Chaos at home can undermine victory in the field; a certain minimum of normal life to rebuild on is implied in our basic war aims.

There is a real shortage threatened in several of these vital sectors. Who then is to allocate the available men and women so that the nation will be served most effectively in this hour of need? Take the men from 18 to 45 in reasonably good health and without real dependents, for instance. Local draft boards are for the most part made up of patriotic citizens who work far into the night on the most thankless task imaginable. Their job is to furnish men for the Army even where there are the most piteous pleas of the men themselves and their mothers, wives and sweethearts. At present the determination of occupational deferments rests with them. And how can they be expected to view each case in the light of its over-

all national importance? Thus far these boards have been given very little in the way of specific principles to decide their complex of individual cases.

Or turn to the critical situation where essential agricultural workers are abandoning the countryside for the better paying jobs to be found at shipyards and munitions works. Both farm and factory are indeed essential to victory. Who is there to say in individual cases when such transfers to war industries are advisable? Yet the farm labor problem for 1943 threatens to be one of the most acute of all.

The number of women workers who have gone off to join the "Waacs," the "Waves," the "Waafs" and the rest is comparatively limited, but the same cannot be said for changes in civilian occupations. The prospect of big money and a long war has already led great numbers to abandon jobs they have held for years in banks and offices, stores and factories. It does seem that certain enterprises of genuine utility in civilian life should have some protection against the mass exodus of the employees who are the only ones who know from years of experience just how their businesses operate.

All this points toward the need for a much wider freezing of jobs than that which now obtains in several Western states in the lumber, copper and certain non-ferrous mining industries—or in the addition of the new list of the dairy, livestock and poultry industries just announced by the War Manpower Commission. In a war like this changing jobs is no longer a private matter. Wherever it would disturb at all the production of essential commodities or the maintenance of a useful minimum of civilian goods and services, it should not be done without sufficient reason. Provided an adequate mechanism is set up to permit advisable exceptions, the idea of freezing present jobs all round must now be seriously considered.

The prospect of such an encroachment upon the private lives of the American citizenry is not a pleasant one. No one objects to the growth of the omniscient state or to regimentation of the individual citizen more strenuously than THE COMMONWEAL. Few other organs of opinion are as unhappy about the multiplication of government boards or the further centralization of authority. It is the alternative to the effective use of our manpower that must be born in mind. We are confronted by two enemies who play for keeps and thus far have the jump on us. They now control the sources of some of our most strategic war material. We have yet to register a major victory in the field or assume the offensive on any considerable scale. Basic civil liberties must be preserved whatever the situation, but at this juncture we can no longer afford to dilute our effort. Possibly the point has been reached where we can no longer completely lose the war, but unless we marshal our

full strength now, the war will be prolonged to the point where the only possible outcome will be a peace of exhaustion. In the chaos which would follow, many of the things we are fighting for would be swallowed up.

When we consider how the youth of Germany, for instance, responded to the nazi appeal for sacrifice, heroism and death for the fatherland, it is conceivable that the American people have now been in the war long enough to rally to the suggestion to accept the tasks that are assigned in the national war effort. What we most need on the production front are the directing principles on utilization of manpower and the authorities to put them into effect in order to bring this war to a victorious conclusion.

The Meaning of Stalin's City

WHEN these lines are first read, the battle of Stalingrad will have lasted seventy days. Even to write such a sentence implies a faith in the tenacity and heroism of the Red Army which no one but a Party member would have conceived possible eighteen months ago. And more than any other thing, this battle has confirmed that faith. Somehow the months Sebastopol held out, the months Leningrad has stood an anchor in the north have not so deeply engraved themselves on our minds. Out of a forty-day siege Werfel wrote a book to capture the imagination of the world, and it was a lesser siege on a wilder stage; who can sing a new Iliad, who can plait a fitting wreath to adorn the myriad brow of these far, unnumbered heroes? Seventy days. In less than half that time all France was conquered and overrun. In less time thousands of Pacific miles have fallen to the enemy. The magnificence of this epic resistance finds no parallel in this war; one must go back to the days of Verdun, the credit for which made Pétain what he is, to find anything like it. We won the last war because France held the fort; our victory this time will come as much because of Russian bravery and sacrifice as it did because of French in the last. And this means that we—particularly those who loathe communism and of all its forms Stalinism the most—we have to face a fact. No matter what happens hereafter, Russia has earned a moral right to play a large part in framing the peace. It is the duty of our statesmanship candidly to try to make that rôle beneficent, for it could easily be evil. And to perform that duty straightforwardly, not by reliance on trickery and out-smarting, which are in any case beyond our scope, will require a quality in the chancelleries of the United Nations for which we must pray and over which plain citizens should be diligent. Certainly any shortening of our present material help to Russia is the best way to disarm our State Department and our chief executive when the days of treaty-making come.

Timetable for the East

IN MR. WILLKIE'S much discussed speech about his 31,000-mile junket to the Orient, he listed a number of the reasons why the United States is liked in foreign lands. It is an imposing list of negative virtues, and of positive achievements on behalf of many peoples. He referred explicitly to the contributions of American educators and missionaries, scientists and engineers to the well-being of the peoples of many lands. If he had had the time to include it, he might have mentioned explicitly our schedule for the gradual independence for the Philippines that was to be completed in 1946. Not that our reasons were wholly altruistic; in fact the enabling legislation was in many instances pushed and supported by members of Congress who expected that this eventuality would raise tariff barriers against Philippine products that were at the time competing with products for sale by their own constituents. But the point here is that this schedule can well serve as a model for the emancipation of other peoples in the East. It is a formula that is also applicable in other colonial areas.

According to Mr. Willkie there are two factors that hold back Eastern peoples from going all out in their enthusiasm for this country, and consequently, though to a lesser degree, for the cause of the United Nations. The first of these, the gap between promise and supply, will not be dealt with here. The second is the uncertainty of Eastern peoples as to our conception of the post-war Orient. Possibly as Mr. Roosevelt replied, it has been forcefully reiterated that the Atlantic Charter is designed to apply to all peoples, but the men and women whom Mr. Willkie encountered on the way obviously do not realize this. It apparently is news even in this country, where from time to time voices have been heard demanding a Pacific Charter too. Here is a point on which everyone should be set straight, a principle which must be publicly expressed at home and overseas without equivocation or let-up.

But if freedom for all peoples—including those of India, China and the Indies—is to be more than a mere slogan which we hope will be useful for propaganda purposes, we must return to the Willkie phrase, "scheduled abolition of the colonial system." If the United States were to insist that this principle become one of the keystones of the anti-Axis post-war policy, we should find increasing popular support in the Far East and elsewhere. The Japanese are making the most of our vagueness about India and the whole question of colonial empires, our attitude of racial superiority and our military defeats in the Orient. Under such circumstances is it at all surprising that despite their ruthlessness the Japanese cry, "Asia for the Asiatics" is gaining currency? A joint formulation of policy and adequate definition of

the war aims of the United Nations cannot be put off much longer.

United Caucasians

THE Western Defense Command has issued a Press Release (No. 10-12) highly approving its own efficiency in the moving of 110,599 persons of "Japanese ancestry" from West Coast areas. As the Army remarks in this report: "Certainly it is an achievement without parallel in the Nation's history." The Army lays much emphasis on the kindness with which these thousands of not improbably distressed travelers were treated. "The Army transferred them as if they had been so many tourists. The usual complement of ten cars contained two Pullmans and these were reserved for the sick and for mothers with infants. A Caucasian [*sic*] physician and two nurses went along to safeguard the health of the travelers." Nice riding, but there is this also to say. If the Army starts using words out of books then "Caucasian" is too broad a term. Was the physician Aryan and Nordic, or was he a mongrel plain American? We urge the Western Defense Command not to speak for the Army of the United States until they can find a Press Agent who will write straight English instead of nazi double talk.

Lecture Notes

EVERY CHILD, as he wakes into life, finds a mirror underneath his pillow. Look in it he will and must, else he cannot know who he is, a creature fallen from grace, and this knowledge is a necessary preliminary to salvation. Yet at the moment that he looks into his mirror, he falls into mortal danger, tempted by guilt into a despair which tells him that his isolation and abandonment is irrevocable. It is impossible to face such abandonment and live, but as long as he gazes into the mirror he need not face it; he has at least his image as an illusory companion, so that, if he yields to despair, then he can never dare take his eyes off the mirror for an instant. Self-love is the *faute-de-mieux* of despair: "I am so dreadful that neither God nor other men can love me, therefore I shall have to love myself."

* * *

A parlor game for a wet afternoon—imagining the mirrors of one's friends. A has a huge pier-glass, gilded and baroque, B a discreet little pocket-mirror in a pigskin case with his initials stamped on the back; whenever one looks at C he is in the act of throwing his mirror away, but if one looks in another pocket, one always finds another one like an extra ace.

Most, perhaps all, mirrors are inaccurate and uncomplimentary, though to varying degrees and in various ways. Some magnify, some diminish; others, whatever their owner does, will only return lugubrious, comic, derisive or terrifying images.

But the character of our own particular mirror is not as important as we sometimes like to think. We are judged, not by the kind of mirror found on us, but by the use we make of it, by whether our riposte to our reflection, whatever that may be, is contrition or despair.

* * *

The advantage of a peculiarly warped mirror is that it makes it easier for its owner to say: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." As long as he is humble enough to say this and no more, it does not matter that he is in ignorance of what his sin really is. But its danger is that he will not be able to bear this ignorance and will therefore be tempted to imagine that his sin consists in having a worse mirror than the fellow next door.

* * *

Psychoanalysis, like all pagan *scientia*, says: "Come, my good man, no wonder you feel guilty. You have a distorting mirror, and that is indeed a very wicked thing to have. But cheer up. For a trifling consideration I shall be delighted to straighten it out for you. There. Look. A perfect image. The evil of distortion is exorcised. Now you have nothing to repent of any longer. Now you are one of the illumined and elect. That will be ten thousand dollars, please."

And immediately come seven devils, and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

* * *

The totalitarian, of the Right or the Left, promises the crowd that if only they will all hand in their private mirrors to him, to be melted down into one huge mirror, the curse of Narcissus will be taken away.

* * *

A vain woman realizes that vanity is a sin, and in order not to succumb to temptation, has all the mirrors removed from her house. Consequently, in a short while she cannot remember what she is like. She remembers that vanity is a sin, but she forgets that she is vain.

* * *

We must never attempt to throw our mirrors away. We may only pray that God shall one day see fit to take them away from us. Perhaps they never are taken away, even from the saints, but in Paradise all mirrors become transparent and so cease to reflect.

DIDYMUS.

Report from the North

WHAT is it that makes for a quarrel between peoples? Do we not get a hint from the fact (however little it may be universally true, it is true enough to be significant) that the best people—and I use *best* in the literal sense: the people of best will, of best heart, of best mind—in each nation are those who hold the least to their nation's ancient quarrels—unless those quarrels are indeed based upon so rank an injustice as to be substantially unilateral (which is where economics can play the major part). Certainly the traditional dislike of Frenchmen for Germans did not extend, until the nazis added a particularly nasty strain of revolution to their countrymen's nationalism, into the world of learning, let us say, nor has it extended, seemingly even yet, to all professional military men.

Now if there is one characteristic which the best men and women of any country are likely to share, it is a certain self-consciousness concerning their own mores. They know that when their children suspend shutters from telegraph poles on Halloween, or dressed up in rags, beg pennies, other little children in other countries, other regions, do no such thing. They know that although they may normally speak Japanese or Italian or Greek, many millions of other people do not understand a word of any of these languages. They are conscious of difference, they have lived as neighbors in their hearts and spirits to difference, and so difference does not anger them.

* * *

The French Canadians and the English Canadians are not neighbors to their own differences. The French learn English because it offers a road to economic advancement; they do not do it because they like Shakespeare. The English-speaking never learn French if they can possibly help it, although they will admit that a knowledge of *Parcesian* is a fine cultural adornment. As for the local version of Stratford-atte-bowe, they will have none of it whatever.

And there are subtler differences of which the two peoples are scarcely even aware. The French have preserved the ancient notion of the poor. It is a notion almost entirely foreign to the modern world, and it is a notion which may die utterly in time. But it is a notion which is not all bad and which preserves a healthy luxuriance in Quebec. It is related to a literal acceptance of Christ's words, the poor ye shall have with ye. It means, applied to the judgments of social life, that a man is not to be scorned because he lacks money or worldly goods. It means that if you have not great riches, you are not automatically entitled to be envious of those who have. It means that if you

have great riches, you are not automatically entitled to forget those who have not. I do not wish to suggest that everyone who is a French Canadian applies these criteria consciously and to the full, but I do mean that these criteria are unconsciously a part of his atmosphere.

As a corollary to this sense of the social status of the poor, we find among these same people an intense devotion to personal liberty. Australians are supposed to be an exceptionally free people, yet I had an Australian priest tell me recently that the only time in his life when he ever rode in a bus where smoking was allowed was in the Province of Quebec. It is allowed because you couldn't stop it. Try to tell a French Canadian farmer how to manage his farm. If you are obviously well intentioned, he will listen to you courteously—and go on exactly as he has a mind to. (He *might* take your advice—especially if his neighbor told him not to.) If you are meddlesome, he will tell you to go to the devil. And it doesn't make any difference if you happen to be the government. I can imagine almost no task more hopeless than that of being Gauleiter for the Province of Quebec.

There is another corollary. Coupled with these senses, there is an automatic feeling for hierarchy. You have your station and you must act as though you belonged to that station. To do otherwise is either to be spurned or to be pitied. I suppose such people exist, but I have never encountered a hale-fellow-well-met among French Canadian priests. Nor have I ever heard a bishop addressed by his first name.

* * *

Obviously in these things and in many others there are differences, then, between French and English Canadians which are profound and of which both peoples are only antagonistically conscious. Hence we hear that the French are servile, or insolent, or obstinate; and we hear that the English are boors, materialists, upstarts. Nor does the bond of religion do much to help the situation.

English-speaking Catholics (probably about one out of five English Canadians is Catholic) feel almost exactly toward their French co-religionists as do their Protestant neighbors. The French make no distinction. One might venture a guess that if the whole country were Catholic, the ancient quarrel would be just as intense.

And the bother about it is that there are compensating goods in the characters of both peoples. You cannot ask—much less expect—either to make itself over in the likeness of the other. What is residually hopeful in the whole situation is that after one hundred and eighty-six years, except for a few minor skirmishes, this epitome of nationalist dislike has not yet called forth any blood sacrifice.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Revolution II

THE UNITED NATIONS are united in the war; they are united in their acceptance of a general formula which suggests but does not implement a certain number of highly acceptable general principles; they are, however, not united at all in any common desire for any precisely defined social or political régime. They are not united under the banner of capitalist liberalism, nor devoted to a two-party system. There are monarchists among them and revolutionaries, believers in reform and some who would break with all the pre-war world. These forces that are with us in the struggle against Germany, Italy and Japan stand together only in that struggle. The vision they have of the future is not a single vision.

We in America have been saying, now that we are in the war, that it took us a long time, and proof accumulating until it reached the disaster of war, before we would admit that the totalitarians meant what they said when they declined a share in our prosperity. It took us a long time before we could believe that the word dollar, the word pound, the word gold, could no longer maintain the definitions we had given them and which we thought all the law-abiding world must consider as immutable. It took us a long time to find out that a great part of the world was not law-abiding. With some superficiality in America we then defined the non-law-abiding world as that controlled by our enemies. And we said: we know the people we can count on; there is an easy test. They believe in our system, share our hopes and certainties—especially our certainty that reform can be gradual—who are with us in this struggle. The law-abiding, the good citizens, the men of good will and common sense, the temperate, are on our side. Thus, as usual, we linked all sorts of moral virtues to an acceptance of our political and social system and since this connection exists mainly in our minds we continued—and continue—to lay ourselves open to the many and unpleasant surprises of a real and different world outside our own. Our friends and allies, and potential allies, have not had our conservative and traditional formation. Many of them have had very different political and social environments which have not led them—contemplating their history—to share our optimism. They are law-abiding, all right, but according to their lights, not ours. They believe in freedom but some of them think it can best be maintained under a monarchy and some think its existence to be strictly incompatible with the preservation of interest rates, and bonds, and all private enterprise; and some think that in order to find freedom they must first destroy the sovereignty of nations, and in this paper I am not discussing the merits of any of these convictions

but am pointing out simply that they exist. India exists, a radical Italian anti-fascist movement exists, which is strongly anti-clerical and anti-monarchical, Otto of Hapsburg exists, the Governments in Exile exist; various groups exist who busily compete amongst themselves to gain control of and direct these Governments in Exile.

Russia exists. But I am not on the habitual tight rope balancing with Russia's heroism in the one hand and Russia's doctrine in the other. Russia has never paid even lip-service to gradual reform and conventional democracy. Russia, before Italy and before Germany, rejected our rules and hopes. Russia walked out on our imperfect democratic world. This paper is about the widely diversified aims and purposes of peoples and governments operating within the limits of our system. The Russians have made their revolution. Clearly they are outside our system. Moreover, every little Macaulay knows that when the war against the Axis is won there will be a most probable inclination to send some other Weygand to defend some other Poland since our system, even undergoing rapid change, must resist communism or wholly lose its character. That Russia's system and our own are mutually exclusive is a platitude fully admitted by the Russians on which we need not insist.

But among those who are joined in a primary conviction that fascism must fall, how is it that, moved by a common will for freedom, there yet should exist such divergent aims and purposes? The reason is that men are bound to the soil on which they have lived and to its history. There is only one truth, but there are immediate political truths, immediate political and social possibilities, which differ in each nation. There is only one freedom but its visage differs as differ the repressions and tyrannies which deny it. That is why the men and the peoples who are with us in this struggle clothe the figure of Freedom some in regal gold—some in the torn blood-spattered rags of the barricades. They see Freedom taking tea in a country house, Freedom breaking down the walls of jails and banks. They see a Freedom friendly to the past they love; they see a Freedom to whom the past is abhorrent. Some of these peoples—the simple ones—think Freedom will be majestic again and serene as soon as the Axis is defeated. Others know that this war is but an accident in the endless struggle to make her presence a reality they can touch. They know, or they think they know, the house in which she can live and be beautiful. Some of these architects are revolutionary; some do no more than collect old photographs by which they may remember and rebuild the ruined edifices of the past. We, in America, should know somewhat more than we do about their plans.

C. G. PAULDING.

Leviathan Come to Pass

Have we any stomach
for a genuine cure?

By Jean C. de Ménasce

PAGANISM was not dead after all; it was merely dismembered. Here and there and everywhere you could find little enclaves of paganism and they were in our thought which was not coordinated, in our taste and in our sensitiveness which were not purified, in our individual and collective habit. That is the way it has been throughout the centuries. But today we stand faced with a strange and terrible phenomenon: All these members, of one body but separate from that body, have come together again. Simultaneously the forces of Good—which once had been bound in a total unity that hemmed in Evil from every side—are in turn fragmented, dispersed and uncoordinated.

All the great and small undertakings of evil and error, isolated, fragmentary, often unconscious, often contradictory, on the surface seem all of them linked in a conspiracy toward a single end and seem also to have attained that end. By devious ways, by marches and counter-marches, hurried advances or deceptive periods of indolence, with their character and face there to be seen, or cleverly masked, they all of them come together, recognize each other, become allies, organize their effort and merge the one into the other.

The church of the ill-willed, Hobbes's Leviathan, covers the whole earth. Naturally here and there—everywhere if you prefer—you can find little enclaves of love, truth, straightforwardness and nobility. But the hero lacks wisdom, the priest lacks courage, the philosopher lacks love, the prostitute's heart is humble but her body is profaned, the virgin's body is pure but she has a filthy temper—and here are young communists defying the perils of death to change an imbecile world into something that would be worse, and here are my boy scouts playing ping-pong. All the links are broken, there is no longer any place where men can come together, everyone is out for himself; all is panic and flight. The visible Church—with a unity which is visible, with a collaboration between its members which is visible—seems to have disappeared; Luther seems to have triumphed, we retreat into the Communion of Saints, but in this world—as soldiers skirmishing at night do not recognize each other—we fight amongst ourselves.

Nebuchadnezzar and Nero, the jurisconsults to the king of France, and Louis XIV, Hobbes, and

the democrats of 1789, Luther, Nietzsche, Wagner, Fichte and Hegel, Descartes, Darwin, Machiavelli, Gobineau and all the rest of them—they all stand hand in hand. Each one has brought along his stone. But how did all these dead men get here among the living? Has Hitler, in whom they are all present, been digging deep into the archeology of theory and erudition?

No, all these attitudes of hatred and vainglory, of pride and of greed and of brutality, all these odds and ends of ideas and of systems, these first steps toward evil legislation and institutions, were not closed up tightly in the coffins which are books, in the great cemeteries of the libraries. Only the living count, and these dead men have survived their death in the acts and conversations of the living. Who will trace back the absurd genealogy and the ridiculous collaboration of these infamous peddlers—the intellectual pundit and Al Capone, the professor of epistemology and the shop keeper, the intellectual hack with “his ideas” and too many cocktails, the clever politician, the pulp magazine and the prime minister, the worldly lady in her living room and the pitiless policeman?

We will never know all the little Nebuchadnezzars who link Nebuchadnezzar to Hitler: the shop-keeper Nebuchadnezzars, the university Nebuchadnezzars, the Nebuchadnezzars of the rectories, our family Nebuchadnezzars, the little government employee Nebuchadnezzars. We will never know all those inept chatterers who dared play with ideas and words which are sacred and dangerous forces. All you men and women who, throughout the years, have been cooing like scientific, juridical, and metaphysical pigeons, you have paved the way for Hitler's triumphant advance—billing and cooing and taking tea and little cakes—all the while you have been making ready the bed on which he has raped humanity.

“Ah, Professor, tell us pray in a few words the fruits of your twenty years of labor,” the lady says. “I have read one thousand octavo volumes of a thousand pages each, my eyes are tired; the priest of science, I have burned out my years in library chairs,” replies the old academician, timid and vain. “Naturally it would be dangerous to simplify so deep a theory. I admit that I should be frightened to see it put into practice by inexperienced hands, yet, like the ancient martyrs, we serve truth

even if truth destroys us; truth can be inhuman and certainly the truth is sad."

The lady thirsts for knowledge with her tea: "We are all ears," she says. And the professor fills them: "I had to condense my thought for the table of contents, here are some chapter heads: all powers belong to the state; the state can make any law and cancel any law and is itself not subordinated to any law; since all the rights of citizens proceed from a law, the state is not obliged to respect any of these rights."

This is the process whereby sociological concepts worthy of some dark little potentate of Dahomey obtain credentials in our world.

The conversation continues and a corporation executive says his say: "Certainly my factory is unhealthy but Mr. Darwin proves that man, like other animals, adapts himself to his environment. Why then should I spend money to change my factory when nature will change my men, and it won't cost me anything?" A super-pious and super-proper old maid mumbles appreciation. This is because she heard the phrase "man adapts himself" and saw in it a first cousin to the virtue of patience. Who will ever convince her that the real task for the children of God is to change this inhuman world into a human world, and that man is not a cactus plant patiently adapting himself to a desert but king of all created things?

It is the millions of conversations such as these, and not dictionaries, which give form to words, and words are the buttresses of philosophical, juridical and religious systems. It is in the course of these thousand and one unimportant conversations that words are trapped, their meaning canalized, loaded with a specific view of the world and with emotional overtones. They are changed and they are changelings. From something which was transparent, and sacred, something both physical and spiritual at once, they become filled with deceit. Words which—like Christ—allow us to come in, to go out, and to find the fields that nourish our soul, become like the perilous Trojan horse whose hollow belly hides our mortal enemies. Aristotle, Webster, the Catechism, are powerless against these things called conversations.

However paradoxical it may appear, two great enterprises in favor of liberty actually served to prepare the totalitarian revolution: Luther's reform and the French Revolution. The Reformation handed over to a merely human liberty, placed under the authority of a human liberty, all that belonged to God. Thence forward human liberty had total authority, and my Protestant friends are always amazed when I tell them that the Pope has far less authority than the most insignificant little Mountain Baptist preacher. Thanks to total Protestant liberty this little dictator can dismiss in all tranquillity all inherited tradition, all ancestral custom, all accumulated wisdom; he can cut

what he likes out of the cloth of the past, he can legislate as he pleases—there shall be three sacraments or only one, the supreme obligation shall be to drink lemonade. Nothing limits either his authority or his freedom.

And, since most men are gentle, modest and respectful, Protestant liberty has handed them over, bound hand and foot, to the tyranny of Great Men, to all the fancies and the systems of professors, experts and geniuses. In contrast our Pope has but little power; he is bound by all the institutional and doctrinal past which stretches from Christ to his predecessor, Pius XI. The field that lies before him is not an open field; there is nothing that he can look at as if it stood there new, without a history, for him to judge.

The French Revolution also played the dictator's game. In attacking the theory of the King's divine authority, the men of the revolution did not know exactly what they were doing. They wanted, simply, to limit the King's power, to assert the peoples', but what they did actually was to render limitless the power of the state.

"I am the state" is a phrase that shocks us; "We are the state" is a phrase that reassures us. But in reality what is disturbing or reassuring is not the "I" or the "we" but what the state has authority to do. For my part I prefer an authoritarian "I" who is competent only to build roads to a democratic "we" who is competent to decide whom I must marry, what profession I must follow, what city I must live in and to what school I must send my children.

A tree drawing its strength from the earth is bound by that earth to a single and determined spot; the tree can only cast its shadow over that particular place on the earth from which it derives its strength; and such was the case of authority derived from God—recognizing that its strength was in God, that authority recognized also in Him the eternally assigned limits which bound it. Anyone who went beyond those frontiers was conscious immediately of guilt and violence. But today it is with a serene and quiet conscience that the state casts its shadow just as far as wireless and police can reach.

By making the people the supreme legislator, by assigning to the majority the right to define good and evil, justice and injustice, that which is licit and that which is illicit, full permission has been granted this majority to trample over man's natural rights, the family's natural rights—not to mention the rights of the Church and of the working man. By refusing to recognize that there is any zone at all inviolable by the authority of human liberty, the limitless jurisdiction of the majority has opened the way to dictatorship by a minority.

In order to resist this present and eternal totalitarianism, each one of us must struggle as courageously and as loyally as possible against

all the Nebuchadnezzars and the little Napoleons who lie hidden in each of us and in our neighbor. The world will not recover its equilibrium save through an apostolate carried out in the immediate detail of life, incessantly, and by individuals.

To this apostolate of personal mortification, love, and interior vigilance which protects us from collective hysterias, we must add an apostolate which may be called professional: a mother should attempt to awaken in all mothers the essential virtues of motherhood. Priests should meet with other priests to find out why their parish is no longer a meeting place where men show in visible and concrete fashion that the blood of Christ creates a truer, warmer, more effective friendship than any springing from ties of race, money or culture. They should look within themselves seeking what it is that has altered the Eucharistic Banquet which was joyful and communal and has permitted it to become a sort of bread line in which each lonely man walks forward alone, takes his personal provision and alone goes off to eat and digest it under a doorway or on a bench. Doctors, engineers, politicians, schoolmasters, should work, each with his kind, to get rid of the slogans, the pagan and materialistic attitudes of domination, which almost everywhere are undermining the Christian structure of their lives.

But a Catholic is no follower of Confucius. The belief that the world will not be habitable until all the individuals which form it shall have become saints is a snare and delusion. Just as the Missionary Church seeks less to convert souls than to establish the Church with its hierarchical structure and institutions, the social reformer should seek to give again to our society a structure, institutions, and laws, which will provide it with a fraternal and friendly visage—even if the individuals who live in society remain part wolf, part snake or part fox. The Catholic sense of balance has almost always preserved us against Confucian or Protestant individualism. We know perfectly well that there exists the proverb *Quid leges sine moribus*, but we know too that there is the *Quid mores sine legibus*. Finally the *mores*, the customs in question, are not individual customs but are the habits and traditions of a society, understood and loved by some of its members, accepted by most.

We are suffering today because moral man—in any case not less moral than the man of yesterday—is held prisoner in the network of an immoral society. And so the solution lies not simply in Christianizing men, as if humanity were only a swirling dust of individuals, but in placing immoral man in a moral society, in a framework of institutions and customs better than he. If he is a good man he will become a better man, if he is a bad man he will become a hypocrite and a Pharisee. If one must choose and prefer, I prefer a society which gives as by-product a certain

number of hypocrites to one which forces some poor little fellow, who is neither really cruel nor really brave, to shoot down interminable ranks of hostages.

We must have a society with a Catholic framework—naturally I do not mean a clerical framework. And a society with a Catholic framework is one which has a feeling for what must not be touched. It recognizes that certain truths cannot be touched, that a certain way of life, certain institutions cannot be touched. And it is to no avail that the metaphysician keeps repeating: but this does not fit in with my latest system; it is to no avail that the politician or the soldier tells me that our military position will be stronger if we change this or that institution; nor when the financier insists “only change such an institution, and I can promise you an era of prosperity.” Even if a mystic should tell me something, even if an angel should tell me something. . . . That which cannot be touched must remain untouched.

These inviolable zones must exist in every plane of life: in intellectual and moral life, in the life of the family, in national life, and in international life. Inevitably such a conception of a human life existing partially beyond the reach or authority of man clashes with our modern mentality. Men who do not believe in God are leagued together against these God-given premises on which men may embroider but which can never be questioned or altered. And Protestants are against this concept which presupposes the existence of good and visible institutions even if the men who live within them are evil. For it is the whole Protestant conception of the Church which is here at stake. And those who believe in a mechanical world, the rationalists and the plan-makers, are also against this concept since in their view man and the family and the nation and the world are like mechanisms which you put together or take apart at will. And politicians are opposed to it for it is to their great advantage to be able to excite us about respective advantages or disadvantages of judge or jury, or parliament elected by universal suffrage or by limited suffrage, or republic or monarchy. What is basically important is that he who interprets the law be guided not by his own little ideas, his tastes, hatreds and advantage, but by a human, just and noble tradition; that the law itself retain no authority whatever should it betray the spirit of natural and divine law. In older, simpler times all we needed to do was to defend ourselves against encroachment by the executive power; to-day we must defend ourselves against the far more dangerous encroachments of the legislative.

But what is there which can guarantee these inviolable zones against encroachment by individual or collective liberty? What can defend them against the force of argument or of machine gun? Nothing but tradition.

It is the unfortunate fact that of all the countries of Western civilization the only one to have preserved the feeling of a living tradition is England. The Benedictine past of England, her common law and, I am not afraid to add, her school tie spirit, far more than any parliamentary mechanism, have immunized her against the swift onslaught of the intelligent and the powerful.

Here it becomes necessary to clear up a possible misunderstanding; I do not in the least mistake the conservative for the traditional. The conservative, just as the radical revolutionary, fails to recognize a central truth which is that a nation is a living reality, possessing its own truth within itself, and not an artificial construction which, since it has its charter of truth outside its structure, must therefore model itself upon that exterior truth. An example may help: in language, the agent of tradition is slang and not grammar; he who has within him a feeling for the living tradition of a language is he who moves easily within current usage, who knows even how to handle slang, and not he who indulges in medieval or classical pastiche. The traditionalist does not have to call upon the archeologist and the historian to discover what he is and what he can do; he is not afraid of losing his past when called upon to meet new problems—just as a well bred man is not afraid of forgetting how to be polite when he throws Mrs. Post into the ash can. The conservative in social life is a grammarian.

England has the advantages I have mentioned, but can the peoples of Continental Europe, who broke so long ago with the Catholic feeling of living tradition, and who most certainly have found no succor in Hitler's baldurian reconstructions, or in Mussolini's imperial reconstructions, or in the medieval stage settings erected by Pétain, can these peoples absorb English institutions? Certainly they cannot do so; one does not furnish a country with a modicum of tradition as if one were providing it with a reorganized sanitary service.

But if the peoples of Europe may not turn to English traditionalism, there is nothing to prevent their turning, with greatest profit to themselves, to the Supreme Court of the United States. The American way of life could not be preserved by tradition alone; too many peoples of different origins crowded their way into the hospitable body of this broad land. In order to keep untouched, above party argument and out of reach of both the legislative and the executive, the foundations of their national life, the Americans invented the Supreme Court. And this institution, because of its more juridical, more logical character, and because it is more intellectually conscious of itself, doubtless could be more easily adaptable to French or Italian temperaments, than could be a purely living tradition.

Yet however juridical and logical may be this institution, it would not suffice in countries like France or Italy, whose peoples lack the delightful and childish social timidity of the Americans. Frenchmen and Italians (I do not know the Germans) need clear intellectual definitions. If the Church failed to give them, as she did England, a feeling for tradition, she gave them in compensation a tremendous and enduring nostalgia for the all-inclusive, for a view of the world founded on a metaphysical system. In France and in Italy a phrase like "It's always been done that way," or "Your great-grandfathers said so," cannot serve to justify institutions. Neither Charlemagne nor Saint Louis, nor Monsieur Guizot, nor anyone else can ever be held by a Frenchman in the filial and naïve respect which surrounds the Founding Fathers.

Well then? Well then, we must proceed through the Church to Christ. The Church above all, with her two thousand years of intellectual experience, knows indeed that there are few possible attitudes toward the world, two of them to be exact, and that these two are integral Catholicism or radical absurdity. For two thousand years she has known how to draw with sure and certain hand the intellectual links and relations which connect the Trinity to the eight-hour day. She alone knows the line of demarcation of the waters where a slightest error determines whether or not these waters are nourishing. She alone believes in the value of ideas and knows that history is more logical than its theologians.

But the Church's infallibility acts almost as though it were a sort of tact, a sort of divinely intuitive reaction, a sort of immediate and vital refusal to absorb anything harmful. When the Popes condemned Luther they would have been hard put to describe everything which subsequently was to come out of his theses, as if out of a magician's hat. A stomach does not need to know about chemistry before it can vomit; the infallibility of the Church does not await—is independent of—the work of her theologians and her philosophers. Before our intelligence can be satisfied entirely we have to wait for people like Maritain. But we can live without genius; and all the same that is something. God knew what He was doing when He permitted us to muddle through without great men. Even if I have not read Maritain, the Holy Ghost is there. Certainly there must be obedience somewhere and to someone. I offer you God. I have nothing better to offer. If what I offer has no attraction, my regret is deep—for you and, naturally, for myself.

But perhaps we have reached the times that Livy speaks of: "Not only our vices but the remedies for our vices now have become intolerable to us."

German Musicians and Politics

Furtwaengler
and Beethoven

By Max Graf

IN THE YEAR 1937, Arturo Toscanini and Wilhelm Furtwaengler met at the Salzburg Festival. Here Arturo Toscanini conducted operas, to which listeners came from all over the world, since it was the height of fashion to attend the Salzburg Festival after a summer at the Lido, or in Switzerland.

At that time, Salzburg was an island in the mounting tide of fascism. In the south, Mussolini sat at his desk in a gigantic chamber in the Palazzo Venezia and read police reports, and the accounts of his agents in the various cities of Europe. North and west of Salzburg lay Hitlerland; and not far from Salzburg, Hitler himself sat on the terrace of his mountain house, and looked over longingly at the Salzburg land. But Salzburg in those days still belonged to the world. At each performance at the Festival Theatre, there were long lines of automobiles, bearing license plates from every country of Europe and of the Americas. The millionaires from Wall Street came, and the Indian princes, the bank and industrial magnates from England and France, the Crown Princess of Italy, the King of England with his American Wally, Marlene Dietrich and Stokowski. And they all wanted to hear the opera performances with Toscanini as conductor. Only the Germans from the "Reich" were absent. The journey to Austria had been forbidden them by Hitler; and half an hour behind Salzburg stood his black-clad S.S. men on the closed border barrier.

Toscanini had one of his famous attacks of rage when he spoke to the German conductor. In his rough, low voice, he stormed: "You have not the right to conduct in Salzburg. Whoever conducts in nazi Germany has nothing to seek in Salzburg. Conduct in Berlin or in Bayreuth, or wherever you wish, but not here!" And then followed still another cannon-blast: "Moreover, anyone who lives in nazi Germany has not the right to conduct Beethoven!"

Two men and two views of the world, at that moment, stood opposed to each other. On one side, the greatest conductor in the world, to whom music is not alone a union of sounds, but also a creed—the expression of humanity—and who sees in Beethoven not only a great musician but a representative of struggling mankind as well. On the other side, the greatest German conductor, who

was naive enough to believe that in a Germany where murder and force prevailed, he could make music as if all that did not concern him. When I spoke to Furtwaengler for the last time—in the same year, 1937—he complained bitterly of the régime. When I asked him why he did not leave Germany, and added that the free world would welcome him, as before, with enthusiasm, he replied sadly: "What do you wish? After all, I am a German." As a matter of fact, he considered it his duty to remain in Germany, and there, through his artistic undertakings, to support musical culture. He did not consider that one cannot keep musical culture sustained in a barbaric land. There is no such thing as partial culture. Culture, as Toscanini rightly felt, is a unity.

During its great era, German musical culture had as its center the humanitarian point of view, which, in the time of the French Revolution, was a religious belief. The great German poets, at the end of the eighteenth century, shared this belief. In their works, the great philosophers from Kant to Hegel enthusiastically promulgated the belief in the grandeur and nobility of man's humanity; and the German musicians are unthinkable without this. Haydn was a simple man, and he certainly read not a line of any philosopher. But the simple and pure language of humanity which Haydn found in his symphonies shows that for him, as it was for Kant, Mankind was a unity. As he describes the genesis of men, in his oratorio, "The Creation," he found in the aria "Mit Wuerd un Hoheit angethan" ("With Dignity and Majesty") for the first time, one of those simple and heartfelt melodies from which Mozart learned the nobility of his melodies for the "Magic Flute." Every Mozart melody proclaims his pure humanity. The "Magic Flute" was the first major operatic work affirming this new belief in man, to whom all men are brothers. In the Germany of today, may one sing melodies like the aria of Sarastro, or the priest's chorus of the "Magic Flute"?

The third of the German classic composers, Beethoven, was the revolutionary, the champion, the representative of heroic mankind. In his room stood a bust of the man who had kissed Caesar—Brutus. In his opera "Fidelio," he glorified the battle against tyrants, and opened the prison where the innocent sit in darkness, fifteen years after the

storming of the Bastille, which began the French Revolution. When Napoleon set the emperor's crown upon his head in St. Denis, Beethoven tore to pieces the first page of his "Eroica" score, which he originally had dedicated to Napoleon. "Now Napoleon, too, will cast men into bondage, as other tyrants have done!" he said wrathfully, ripped the page with the dedication from the score and crumpled it into a ball, as today any nazi can see—should he happen to come to Vienna and visit the museum of the Society of Friends of Music. For the whole civilized world, which today, indeed, has become smaller than it was in Beethoven's time, the Ninth Symphony, with its jubilant choruses, singing of joy, love of fellow-men, and the brotherhood of man, is the highest profession of a belief in humanity. Again one may ask: Is the Germany of today allowed to sing, "The Brother Greets His Brother," the strains with which Beethoven's "Fidelio" dies away, and "All Men Become Brothers," as the choruses in the Ninth Symphony rejoice?

Music and Ideas

One cannot detach music from the ideas from which it sprang. Art would be an empty farce, if it had not had its rôles to play in the development of mankind and of human feelings. A state which is erected on force, brutality and oppression cannot be a land where art marches forward. It was no chance when the nazi régime, the moment it came into power, expelled artists like Bruno Walter, and forbade Hindemith to compose music in the modern style. Rulers like the nazis must be inimical to art, because art is a means of liberating man, and music above all is a glorification of pure feeling. In the music of the middle ages, it was religious feeling which created the great masterpieces. At the time of the French Revolution, this religious feeling changed into the philosophical belief in humanity. And who could not hear a religious tone in the slow movements of Haydn's symphonies, in the nobility of Mozart's music, and in the choruses of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony? The greatness of the classic German musicians consisted in their being the first to make music the expression of the humanistic ideas which were the eighteenth century's religion. Until that time, other nations—France, the Netherlands and Italy—had had the leadership in music. Only from that moment when the German classicists connected instrumental music with the ideas of the epoch of Rousseau and the French Revolution, did the German musicians become the leaders in the nineteenth century.

Such a history necessarily created a tradition just as the history of the United States—Franklin and Washington, Madison and Jefferson—created a tradition which continuously defines the form of American life. One cannot say that the German musicians in the gloomy time of the nazi eruption

have had a feeling for the tradition of German music. With very few exceptions (the violinist Adolf Busch and the conductor Fritz Busch above all), German musicians played a lamentable rôle. The greatest German composer, Richard Strauss, had for quite some time at least placed himself at the disposition of a régime which is an enemy of culture. The greatest conductor of Germany, Wilhelm Furtwaengler, bent the knee. Both have made this intellectual sacrifice in vain. Richard Strauss was unable to save his opera, "Die Schweigsame Frau," the text of which was written by Stefan Zweig, from the nazi ban, and withdrew, disillusioned, from Germany's public musical life. Wilhelm Furtwaengler is a broken, unhappy man. Of the many mediocre musicians who accepted positions from the nazis in the opera houses, concert halls or conservatories, and shouted "Heil Hitler!" so long that they finally received appointments, nothing should be said. What could one expect from mediocre and untalented German musicians when the great German musicians conducted themselves so unworthily? They were born to be lackeys, while Richard Strauss and Furtwaengler descended to lackey-service.

There are explanations for the undignified bearing of the German musicians, but no excuses. Until the year 1918, most German musicians were in the service of German royal courts. Richard Strauss, too, was Prussian court-conductor, and dedicated military marches to Kaiser Wilhelm "in deepest admiration." Thus German musicians were accustomed to bow down before the might from which they had received position, title and orders. In addition, there was still the romantic belief that music was something elevated above the world, and that the musician lived on a higher plane. A German romantic poet, T. A. Hoffman, created the character of that Conductor Kreisler which inspired Robert Schumann to his finest work. This Conductor Kreisler lived entirely in his own dream-world; and saw, in the real world, something disturbing which he wished to keep distant from himself. Since the time Hoffman discovered this dreamy musician, so foreign to the world—on whom the world looked as a madman, or a half-madman—most German musicians have wished to play the rôle of a Conductor Kreisler. Their house was the realm of sound. Everything else was deep below them. Conductor Kreisler, naturally, did not bother himself about politics. He made music, dreamed music and beat the time or stormed over the piano keys, as if there were no such thing as politics. One can say that Richard Wagner was the first great musician of the nineteenth century who would have nothing to do with this musical romanticism. When the revolution broke out in the year 1848, Wagner threw himself into it headlong, in Dresden, and had to flee from Germany. The treatise, "Art and Revolution," which Wagner published in 1849, demanded the

reformation of society and the downfall of the old bourgeois world, in order to free art. If nazi Germany at present has made Richard Wagner its national musician, and if the "drummer" Hitler glimpses his "trumpeter" in Wagner, it is narrow-mindedness and ignorance which gave Wagner this position. Friedrich Nietzsche showed, in one of the first of his Wagner analyses, that Wagner (who, moreover, took the material for three of his operas—Lohengrin, Tristan and Parsifal—from Celtic sagas and not from German) stands nearer to the French romanticists than to the German. It was Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier, two French romanticists, who first understood Wagner. It is certain that Wagner had little to do with the petty bourgeois romanticism which prevailed in the German music world after Beethoven. He was no dreamy Conductor Kreisler. As a young musician he was a revolutionary, and as an old one, still a man who wanted to reorganize the world—therefore a politician.

The days of the dreaming, romantic musician who let his long hair flutter in the wind, who wore a velvet coat and a giant cravat and who lived in the Heaven of music are over. Johannes Brahms was a solid citizen, who only as a young man wandered about romantically on full-moon nights with the violinist Remenyi; Richard Strauss was a good arithmetician, who wrote me: "It is no shame to earn money for one's wife and child." A musician has not the privilege of living in a dream-world, and separating his destiny from the destiny of mankind, which must be determined in political struggles. Attitude, belief in the future, work in a free world—one may demand these from the musician too. His art is the most human art. He describes the feelings, the moods, the spiritual struggles of men. He speaks a pure language, the most sincere, most spiritual language of this world. Great German musicians have transformed this language into instrumental music, in the sounds of individual instruments, and in the full tone of the orchestra. With Haydn and Mozart, it was more the language of individual feeling. With Beethoven it became, in addition, the language of all humanity, for which he fought, suffered and conquered. The triumphal march at the end of the Fifth Symphony, the shattering fanfares of the "Egmont" overture, the hymns of the Ninth Symphony and of "Fidelio" are more than the music of one single, isolated man. They are visions of fighting and conquering the universe.

This world, to which Beethoven felt bound as a prophet, is not the Hitler world. There are no bridges and no compromises. When German musicians, who grew up in the tradition of great German music, believe they can serve God and the devil at the same time, then they do not know what God is, and, despite Hitler, perhaps not even what the devil is. It is certain that they are not bound to the great German musical tradition, and

that they are not servants of this tradition. What music they play is music perhaps—but music without the spirit which made it the music of the world. Beethoven, who in his great works glorified freedom and the love of mankind, would be in a concentration camp in the Germany of today. Framed above his desk, one would have found a sentence of Kant: "Two things always fill my soul with new admiration: the starry heaven above me and the moral law within me." This alone would already have put him under suspicion. His Ninth Symphony would have had a text other than the liberal: "All Men Become Brothers." The opera "Fidelio," in which Florestan, who "boldly dared to speak the truth," is freed from prison, would naturally be banned. The song cycle, "To the Distant Beloved," one may not sing, since the text was written by the Jew, Jettelles.

Old Toscanini certainly was right when he thundered at Furtwaengler: "Anyone who conducts in Germany has not the right to conduct Beethoven!" The great old man has understood.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THERE are so many reasons for praising Archbishop Spellman's new book, "The Road to Victory" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75), that the task of critically reviewing it must be left, so far as this column is concerned, to other hands. There are, likewise, so many good reasons for promoting its sale on the widest possible scale, that merely to register the fact that all profits derived from its sale will be donated to Army and Navy Relief ought to be an open invitation, generally and enthusiastically accepted, to book reviewers, but particularly to their editors, especially of the daily press, and all periodicals of mass circulation, to by-pass the ordinary channels and codes of literary reviewing of this work and to treat it as a news event of great importance, of great value, practically, immediately and continuously, to our nation and the cause for which it is fighting.

What makes the book a news event is obvious, yet under the conventions of peace-time journalism, its most important aspect might be passed by without recognition. It ought not to be passed by in war-time journalism. For the facts that together constitute the news value of "The Road to Victory" are those that deal with the author's standing not merely as an author—though his lucid reasoning powers and qualities of pungent and memorable expression clearly mark him as a writer of exceptional force—but whose authorship, in this book, derives its authority not from personal gifts and attainments, though these are ample and distinguished, but rather from his right to speak as one of the highest leaders of the world-wide organized authority of the Catholic Church. It is this fact which makes the constant, powerful reiteration of the key-note of the book so notably impressive. It is struck in the brief introduc-

tion, and it runs through every page and paragraph, vibrant as a bugle call, the *leit-motif* of an inspiring and strengthening message from one having more than his own personal right, evident as that right is, to rally the forces of his nation to the stern task now confronting it. For the introduction tells how the prayer for "Peace with Justice" has become the prayer for "Peace with Justice after Victory" because it has become so clear "that only through the predominance of American man-power and American arms could anything except death or enslavement ensue" in the revolutionary war that our nation is now waging.

Of course, to the word "Victory," the Archbishop of New York—who also is Military Vicar of the armed forces of the United States—gives far more than its materialistic import; for, as he writes, and every word and the intonation of the simple, rarely eloquent style in which the words are written bears testimony to his sincerity—"to the word 'Victory' I gave the widest and deepest significance, for my thoughts and prayers are for a total victory, a victory not alone on land, in the air and on the sea, but a victory also for America's ideals. I believe this total victory can come only through religion, and I believe that through religious faith and religious life it can come and it will." But the main point that gives this expression of a religious leader's communication of the teachings of the Church, pointed by his own patriotism, his own personal place and conviction as a leader in this particular nation, its great importance as a news event at this particular time, in this particular crisis, is the clear, definite, unfaltering acceptance and insistence upon the material as well as the spiritual and moral realities—this war must be fought and won on the physical plane as well as on the spiritual plane. And not for ourselves alone. "If ever it were possible for a nation to fight out of a motive of charity to neighbor as well as for its own life, that possibility and that actuality are ours today," he tells us. "If ever we looked for a deeper meaning in the stars and stripes of our flag, the white of justice and the red of charity, we know we have found it today. Every moment, every drop of blood and of sweat, every wound of our poor, torn humanity can and must be consecrated today to the defense of our country and the cause of charity, which is ultimately God's cause."

It is a message which rarely comes so clearly and so vibrantly, so candidly and without ambiguity, from our religious leaders. It is a message which ought to be communicated to the entire nation, irrespective of religious or racial or class differences and strains. It is good news. It does indeed point the road to victory.

The Stage & Screen

The Damask Check

LIKE ALL Dwight Deere Wiman's productions, "The Damask Check" is a triumph of taste: literate, deft, shrewdly cast, subtly staged. John Van Druten and Lloyd Morris's play is an unabashed comedy of manners, reminiscent in mood and method of Jane Austen. The period,

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too, is in many ways reminiscent of Jane Austen's: New York in the first decade of this century, when an unchaperoned drive through Central Park with a gentleman spelled compromise for a virgin residing behind a brownstone front in the East Sixties. "The Damask Cheek" scrupulously avoids farce in its dissection of the mores of its period; the tone is one of nostalgic evocation, spiced with affectionate satire.

Miss Rhoda Meldrum, having passed out of her twenties without acquiring a husband, is dispatched across the Atlantic to visit her New York aunt, who hopefully assembles local eligibles at a small ball. But the only eligible in Rhoda's eyes is her cousin Jimmy, who persists in regarding her with strictly brotherly affection, preferring more tinsel in the wrapping. In fact, his mother's ball is also the occasion of his betrothal to a certain bit of faintly tarnished tinsel.

No, not an especially novel situation, and its solution is not especially ingenious. The values of the play are the old-fashioned values of charm and of witty commentary upon human nature and social behavior. Its insights are in the main more conventional than Jane Austen's, its wit plainer and its characterizations broader. But perhaps that represents less a limitation of the authors' than the necessary simplification and exaggeration of the stage, especially in its more artificial provinces. Realistic drama aims at our emotions; artificial at our wit and sentiments. "The Damask Cheek" is in a sense a compromise, and in the same sense a failure, in that it does try, intermittently, to "move" its audience; whereas its honest appeal is—but there's no satisfactory word for what I mean. Esthetic? Mental?

In putting the producer's name first, I meant to suggest that a sizable degree of the esthetic satisfaction of "The Damask Cheek" is owing to its superior production; I must quickly add that Mr. Van Druten himself directed. It was an imaginative coup to project the Ellen Creed of "Ladies in Retirement" into the rôle of Rhoda Meldrum. Flora Robson interprets with full conviction the plainish spinster who needs an accidental romantic adventure to waken her to the values of her own personality. Myron McCormick, always comfortably at home on a stage, gives Jimmy Randall just the right blend of charm and smugness. Margaret Douglass resists the temptation to overplay the rather broadly written part of the Randall matriarch; Celeste Holm builds up the languid actress-fiancée with comic invention; Joan Tetzl is a freshly lovely adolescent, and Zachary Scott, Peter Fernandez and Ruth Vivian give more than adequate support. Raymond Sovey's set and costumes are creative adjuncts. (*At the Playhouse.*)

Revivals

THE SPATE of revivals continues. Three last week. The two which I covered (the third is Canada Lee in Paul Green and Richard Wright's dramatization of Mr. Wright's novel, "Native Son") might more charitably have been left in the warehouse. Especially "The Time, the Place and the Girl," an incredibly inept musical comedy (1904) laid in a Virginia sanitarium for alcoholics. In case some member of the cast is your cousin, you'll find this turkey at the Mansfield.

John Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand" (1927) has already returned to its bush. Like most of Drinkwater's plays, it's not really a bad play; merely a pedestrian one. Its theme is a class-conscious Gloucestershire innkeeper's efforts to prevent his daughter from marrying into the Quality. Drinkwater develops his theme with a minimum of action and a maximum of whimsical talk. Romney Brent, Harry Sothorn, Nicholas Joy, Frances Reid, Harry Irvine and Viola Roche did their utmost to keep the audience conscious.

DAVID BURNHAM.

Euterpe, Thalia, Terpsichore

IT IS a pleasure to be able to report a Hollywood film that treats its South American characters as if they were people and not caricatures. Although the locale of "You Were Never Lovelier" is Buenos Aires and practically the entire cast is supposed to be Argentine, we do not see a gigolo, a panting Latin lover or shawled duenna. The characters are not portrayed with any depth to speak of, but this gay and charming comedy shows them as cosmopolitan people of gracious manners and discriminating taste. William A. Seiter, who directed his cast with a nice light touch, was somewhat slow in getting started; the slight plot drags a bit at the beginning, but once Fred Astaire breaks into a dance the entertainment moves along at a fast pace. This dance, in which Fred trips fantastic on chairs and desks and even bounces a cane on Adolphe Menjou's head, is as good as any he has done in films. Adolphe Menjou turns in a comedy performance that stands up with his best. As the pompous father of a family of girls, Menjou adds much to the film's fun by trying to run his daughters as he does his ritzy hotel. It is difficult to believe that Rita Hayworth can possibly be described as having a "personality like the inside of a refrigerator," especially when she fits the film's title so perfectly. However, so does Astaire (a New York dancer trying to land a job at Menjou's hotel) consider her until they dance and fall in love. Rita again proves her ability to keep up with Fred's superb dancing.

The good score by Jerome Kern (lyrics by Johnny Mercer) is most danceable and singable and is handled extremely well by Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. Cugat shows that he can read lines well too. I shouldn't be surprised if we saw more of him in films as both orchestra leader and comedian. Louis F. Edelman has given this film a good production without going pretentious. Altogether "You Were Never Lovelier" is delightful entertainment and a special treat for Astaire-Hayworth-Menjou-Kern-Cugat fans.

Now that we're having a revival of interest in vaudeville, a movie about old vaudeville days is timely and welcome. Not that "For Me and My Gal" is exactly a reproduction of true vaudeville from 1916 to 1919. We really see only the song and dance acts—and, in these, the costumes may be good 1916, but the style and tempo are somewhat closer to 1942 (but very good 1942). Furthermore it's difficult to imagine any one show playing in the sticks and having the quality of the acts put on by Gene Kelly, George Murphy, Judy Garland, Ben Blue and Lucille Norman. Perhaps the acts are a little flossier than 1916 audiences really saw, but I'd rather have them as they

are in the film than as they were in 1916. Anyway, what person over 30 wouldn't be dewy-eyed with nostalgia as this group puts over "You Great Big Beautiful Doll," "Oh Johnny," "For Me and My Gal," "When You Wore a Tulip," "After You've Gone" and other of the best numbers of the day. In between the songs that sound like a collection of old time favorites, the film's lively script, by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers, manages to keep you interested in the performers. Busby Berkeley has directed his cast with enough fresh touches to convince you that these are real two-a-dayers who are willing to put up with playing in the hinterland if one day they make The Palace (of course New York's Palace is The Palace). Judy Garland plays the singer who's riding toward unhappiness by falling in love with an opportunist. While Gene Kelly isn't quite the heel of "Pal Joey," he does give us a vivid portrayal of an unprincipled actor who will let nothing stand in his way to The Palace. Judy and Gene turn in excellent performances as the two ambitious youngsters. Also on the film's credit side are George Murphy (a little too noble and self-effacing), Ben Blue who is true vaudeville, and Marta Eggerth as a singer of "class." Miss Eggerth sees Kelly for what he is and doesn't hesitate to tell Judy. Comes the war! And the draft! Kelly's evasion shatters Judy's love; and in between the dramatic scenes that show the regeneration of a heel, our vaudevillians give us some of the best songs of the last war: "Till We Meet Again," "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm," "Over There," "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France," "Smiles," "Oh Frenchy," "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." Even those in the audience who don't care for the forced story in "For Me and My Gal" will find themselves won over to the film by its songs.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Reports on Religion in Russia

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

OF ALL the freedoms missing in Russia, certainly freedom of religion has had the lion's share of our attention. Publicists of every shade of opinion have said their say, and Stalin's invocation of the Deity, some months ago, had more news value than the execution of a hundred hostages in Occupied France. The Holy Father and the Vatican have minced no words on this aspect of Soviet ideology. The question has even been one for British and American diplomatic action, and it undoubtedly accounts for the largest share of what popular reservations there may be in the United States against wholehearted support of our largest Slav ally.

Yet all civil freedoms have a certain interrelation, and it is not surprising that the curtailment of two other liberties—speech and communication—should be largely accountable for our knowing far less about the communist suppression of religion than the subject and our own interest merit. We know fairly precisely what is the classical

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Marxist attitude toward the opiate of the people, and we know that there has been no explicit abandonment of this thesis by the Kremlin, however much the Stalinists may have jettisoned other socialist baggage. For the rest, we know very little. Our sources of information are few and partial. Exactly how and how much has the Church been persecuted? Exactly how and how much has Christianity survived? We must rely largely upon the always-official Soviet press for our answer, coupled with what our correspondents are allowed to report and what personal information leaks out. None of these sources is the kind an historian would cherish. As a result, most Westerners and most Christians have a very definite belief that religion is banned in the USSR, that priests and bishops and laymen have been tortured, starved, killed. But that is about all. It comes somewhat as a shock to hear that there is, actually functioning, a Metropolitan (*locum tenens* though he be) and a clergy. There are still priests in Russia. People still go to church. It is very confusing. And the Bolshevik government solemnly avers that its constitution guarantees freedom of conscience.

There have been a number of interesting books and articles on the subject, but they have tended to be either excessively detailed or excessively philosophical. There has been need for a convenient and eminently documentary summary of the present situation, as free as possible both of venom and of speculation. Two Russians in exile, one in England and the other in the US, have stepped into the breach during the last few weeks. The British Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (Church of England) has issued Serge Bolshakoff's "The Christian Church and the Soviet State,"¹ and Professor N. S. Timasheff of Fordham University has given us his "Religion in Soviet Russia."² Both are short, eminently readable, and seem as little biased as it would be reasonable to expect. What is strange enough is that I believe anyone who wishes to talk about this question—who even wishes to open his mouth on the subject—should read both. For they supplement each other in the most remarkable fashion. Bolshakoff's strong point is his historical sense. Thus Timasheff says bluntly, "Russia was Christianized in 988, and so became a member of the then undivided Church"—a statement which might easily produce weirdly false notions in a reader who knows little or nothing of Slav history. Bolshakoff uses four words more and achieves far greater precision: "Rurik's great-grandson Vladimir, Grand Duke of Kiev, persuaded the population of his capital to be baptized in 988." Almost exactly half of the SPCK booklet is devoted to a rapid historical résumé, bringing the reader up to the beginning of the Bolshevik régime. These 37 pages are a model of historical writing. They make clear both what was rotten about Russian Orthodoxy—its tendency to be a mere administrative agency of the State, which more and more came to "use" it against revolution—and what was fine—its deep spirituality, its consciousness of God, its sanctity. But for the persecutions and for a full documentation of conditions today and in the recent past, the Fordham professor is the better man.

¹ Macmillan. \$90.

² Sheed & Ward. \$2.00.

Both in their history and in their accounts of the facts of the present case, the two authors are well agreed. They somewhat part company when they venture guesses as to the future. Bolshakoff, the historian, seems less impressed with the power of ideologies, more inclined to look at the persons involved. Thus in explaining the recent let-up in persecution, he calls attention to Stalin's seminary training as perhaps contributing to the change. He evidently thinks the present régime is much more opportunist, much less devoted to Marxist principle and consistency than does Timasheff. On general grounds I should be inclined to think him nearer the truth in this. He points out that on the one hand the State has learned that it cannot suppress religion (both authors estimate Russian believers as now constituting about one-half the population), but that on the other, the Russian Church is "opposed generally to the restoration of capitalism." This second half of the equation (well-documented in Timasheff, by the way) seems to me to be of major importance and very little understood abroad. It can have profound significance. It amounts to saying that the Church in Russia approves of a great deal that has been done under socialism, has no desire to see restored the *ancien régime*, will totally support the present government at a very reasonable price—its being left in peace and free to exercise both its sacramental and apostolic functions. Here then is Bolshakoff's conclusion:

... the outlook for the Christian Church in Russia is better than it was even a few years ago. The Church survived the Civil War, great persecutions and the most intense anti-religious propaganda. The old Bolshevik generation, who inspired the persecution, is dead, and the new generation has no hatred for the Church. It often does not know the Church, but when they discover it the young people are rather attracted to the Church than repelled by it. Its ethical principles, the beauty of its worship, its saints and its art appeal to the young. The State, still nominally godless, drops gradually its anti-religious bias. There are many reasons to suppose that eventually a satisfactory *modus vivendi* between the State and the Church will be reached, and the latter will regain freedom of propaganda and the possibility of organizing its life on a more permanent basis than at present.

Both writers emphasize the fact that the Soviets feel—and long have felt—far less antipathy to Orthodoxy and its offshoots than to Catholicism. The reason is obvious and is well stated by Timasheff. The government has begun to realize that religion has social advantages. Officials have been much alarmed at the increase in superstition and magic among those elements in the population disaffected from Christianity. He quotes Yaroslavsky (1939): "It is impossible to build up Communism in a society half of which believes in God and the other half fears the devil." The value of the Church in maintaining moral standards also has percolated the atheist mind. So apparently some of the Party are coming closer and closer to Maurras in the view that social order needs a church (in whose creed, of course, the élite need not believe). Obviously if you have to have Christianity, it is better to have a form of it you can control, bishops you can appoint, etc., than have to deal with the supernatural and largely uncontrollable Vatican. In other words the Church as an

administrative agency of the State again looms up on the horizon . . . shades of Peter the Great!

Despite this, Timasheff is more pessimistic about the future. He thinks the Marxian atheist ideology is so strong in communism that it very likely cannot be abandoned—only temporarily laid aside when events require enlisting support. It is worth pondering his words, for they may save us from disappointments.

Never forget that the New Religious Policy is merely a compromise, reluctantly accepted for compelling reasons, and contrary to the convictions of the government. Hence, concessions are precarious. If conditions alter to the advantage of the Communist government, a return to the policy of direct attack is possible with perhaps a general imposition of pressure along the whole "ideological front." But such relapses will not necessarily take place. The new cultural régime is pleasanter for the Communists themselves than the puritanical austerities of the thirties. Perhaps they will want to maintain it, and if they choose, perhaps religion will continue to enjoy not liberty, not even tolerance, but an easing-off along the lines of 1939-41. Late in December, 1941, the Archbishop of Samara told a representative of the Associated Press that the members of the Greek Orthodox Church were no longer hostile to the Soviet government and that, in his opinion, no change in the State-Church relationship would take place after the war.

Books of the Week

Culture by Radio

The New Invitation to Learning. The Essence of the Great Books of All Time. Edited by Mark Van Doren. Random. \$3.00.

THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM is knocking at the portals of literature. Their symposia on world classics now appear in book form edited by Mark Van Doren, who conducted the discussions on the air. Since his associates were men and women with lively mental processes, their remarks are provocative. The charm of the conversations lies in their spontaneity. As Mr. Van Doren explains the system, three or four carefully selected guests met an hour before the radio schedule and discussed informally a book which they had all just reread. All that was preordained before they went on the air was the opening question and the quotation to be read at the close. Mr. Van Doren declares that the greatest difficulty he himself encounters is that of listening patiently to the other man while preparing to answer him. But how graceful is the skill of the chairman is apparent in the tact with which he keeps his guests to the subject in hand, as he unobtrusively underlines their points and clarifies their conclusions. One might say of Mr. Van Doren what he says of Dr. Johnson, "That he had the kind of wisdom which told him what were the limits of the subject and what bearing the subject had on other subjects."

The happiest chapters are those in which Mr. Van Doren and his associates unite in a common enthusiasm, as when Rex Stout, Elmer Davis and Professor Jacques Barzun reiterate their allegiance to Sherlock Holmes. Stout: "A Dickens character to me is a theatrical projection of a character. But Sherlock Holmes is simply there. I would be astonished if I went to 221½ Baker Street and didn't find him." Barzun: "I'm afraid I went there

"This Publishing Business"

Our column under this heading is usually written by Mr. Sheed. But if he will go sailing off to England (please pray for his safe return) and leave us without enough articles, what is a woman to do? After all we promised our readers THIS PUBLISHING BUSINESS. So, as the office was humming in every corner to a point that made serious thought difficult. I took my pencil and, with a copy of MEDIEVAL AND TUDOR PLAYS under my arm, went out to do what concentrating I could over a cup of coffee in a cafeteria . . . Reading . . . Listening . . . Reflecting.

"Look, I'm a business man. My boss says . . ." "See these rayon stockings, you get a run as soon as ever you put them on." "He says he's a ten thousand a year man . . ."

So it goes: the talk in a world broadened for us by the Renaissance and the Grand Discovery of Man. And then the business man and the girls and their bosses finish their breakfasts and begin to type or to file and to lose money or make it until evening when they watch other people on the screen and win, as Chesterton put it, not life, but a brief oblivion of life.

What about the Medievals? It is not accident that many of these plays were set on a threefold stage: Heaven at the top, Hell at the bottom and this Earth with its humans between the two. The action is big with choices of infinite value and peril for immortal souls. There is too a sense of immense energy—for these plays were acted not by professionals but by the people. Medieval drama began in the Church, the Liturgy gave it birth. It was much later that it went into the market place and degenerated to the point that the Church had to condemn what at first she had fostered. Professor Wells and Loomis take us behind the scenes at the high point of medieval drama.

"The records of compensation to some of these actors make startling reading: to Fawson for hanging Judas 10d.; for playing God 3s. 4d.; to three white souls 5s.; to two worms of conscience 16d. Besides, at the rehearsals the performers were liberally served with refreshments: item for 9 gallons of ale 17d.; item for a rib of beef and a goose 6d."

These plays were written to be acted and the translators have retained many stage directions. Our generation has already seen Everyman played by the Grail in London, it has seen the great dramas of the Redemption displayed in front of Notre Dame and other cathedrals, it has witnessed the inspiration of the medieval drama stirring the moderns both in the town pageants of England and in Reinhart's MIRACLE. And always immense audiences: always a recognition that the Past was opening doors long closed and widening the horizons of the Present.

And then back to the cafeteria. "Listen," I heard through my abstraction, "I know a story . . ." and heads got closer together, voices sank to a whisper. . . . Two of these plays, the farces of Heywood, friend of Saint Thomas More, show the medievals outspoken to a point of coarseness that startles us today. These could not be acted, yet they are needed for a full understanding of our Catholic ancestors, who did not put their heads together and whisper. I don't know whether they were right, but at least the coarseness was kept in its place which was rather a small place in the whole pageantry of the Earth and the Heavens, the creature called Man, his life and his destiny.

M. W.

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in the same hope and was disappointed." Stout: "He was out on a case."

There is a pleasant half hour on Horace with F. P. A. and Irwin Edman and another on Demosthenes and Lincoln with the two Van Dorens and Barzun, who is the recurring note through most of the dialogues. Colonel Ralph Isham, the owner of the Boswell Papers, and Joseph Wood Krutch are warmly wise about Boswell's Johnson.

The philosophers seem to offer the least rewarding portions, which is natural considering the limitations of time and the fact that the symposia are for entertainment. There is no one to challenge Bertrand Russell's declaration that Descartes—who was not popular with Van Doren or Barzun—was at least preferable to the scholastics. Mr. Russell adds that "Everybody's influence is bad if it is great because it produces a set of disciples who repeat what the man said instead of thinking for themselves." A loose statement quite typical of Russell. As for Nietzsche, William Hazlitt contends he is not a philosopher at all but a poet, and Miss Dorothy Thompson thinks he is more of a prophet and that it is only fair to remember that Nietzsche would have despised the bad German of "Mein Kampf" as much as everything else about nazism because he considered anti-Semitism and nationalism both plebeian. In the discussion of Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," Carlton Beals contends that the Aztec civilization was just as important as the Spanish and that even human sacrifice was not as bad as lynchings nor worse than the toll of motor accidents. The Chairman, then becoming a bit worried about public endorsement of human sacrifice which included cannibalism, neatly turns Mr. Beals's argument into a suggestion that most militaristic nations demand as great a sacrifice from their people less honestly.

"The New Invitation to Learning" offers countless suggestions to schools and clubs for points of discussion and is just the sort of book to pop into a pocket or bag as it defies continuous reading and is perfect for promoting week-end arguments, but unhappily the publishers have clothed it in the cumbersome, heavy form of a reference book. They also neglect to give biographical notices of the guests at the symposia whose reputations may very easily not be known to every reader.

E. V. R. WYATT.

BIOGRAPHY

My Father in China. James Burke. Farrar. \$3.00.

BACK in 1884, when electricity was even more of a novelty than it is today, William Burke, who was attending Vanderbilt University, constructed a pioneer version of our modern day "hot seat" and amused himself immensely. Its outward properties consisted of a flatiron and a metal basin filled with water, at the bottom of which rested a shining silver dollar. A battery and a maze of copper wires were hidden under the table. When Charlie Soon, his friend and collegemate, attempted to prove to Burke that he *could* lift the dollar from the basin while holding the flatiron, he was sizzled out of his Oriental calm. Within a half century, Charles Jones Soon was to be legendized as the father of the world's most remarkable group of brothers and sisters—the "Soong Dynasty" of China.

William Burke and Charles Soon were graduated from the same school of divinity, and while Burke "rode the circuit" of Southern Methodist missions in Georgia, Soon returned to China to preach the Gospel to his own people. Burke was fairly successful in his work, yet long associa-

tion with Soon had supplied a curious attraction for the Orient. When the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, the Southern Methodist weekly paper in Georgia, published an appeal for volunteers to the China missions, Burke was the first to apply. That was in 1886 and William Burke, at the age of 78, is still in China.

James Burke has written a book about the missionary experiences of his father. It is a portrayal of fifty years of work in one section in the country near Shanghai. No man can remain a lifetime in the hinterlands of China without experiencing a series of events that are beyond the comprehension of most Americans. William Burke has seen China in its floods and famines and has lived in the midst of a half dozen major uprisings. During the Boxer Rebellion he became a member of the American Rifle Company, and all through his missionary life his encounters with local bandits are beyond record.

A difference in creed cannot dull the brilliance of a good deed nor can it suppress the acknowledgement of a good life. William Burke was sincere and energetic. His influence, everywhere, was beneficial, and he lived for the welfare of the people among whom he made his residence. He fed the hungry and cared for the orphans and aged, and the fact that he preached a doctrine that was directed by the persuasion of the Methodist Church, South, is something that must be interpreted in a celestial court of appeal.

In 1940, two Chinese Catholic priests, Father Tzu and Father Ling, entered the Methodist mission compound. Father Tzu said, "Mr. Burke, it has been suggested that the Protestants and Catholics in Sungkiang join forces in relief work." The old Methodist grasped Father Tzu's hand.

"It is something I would have liked to see started fifty years ago," he said. "Come in and we can start making plans."

ROBERT W. GARDNER.

HISTORY

The Principles of Power. Guglielmo Ferrero. Putnam. \$3.50.

THIS IS a difficult book to appraise. Its author won wide acclaim last year with "The Reconstruction of Europe," a novel interpretation of the Congress of Vienna in which he gave unconventional praise to such unpopular figures as Talleyrand, Metternich, Alexander I and Louis XVIII. The present volume extends his reflections on a deeper level by examining the foundations of government and by amplifying his previously announced theories of legitimacy and revolution.

Perhaps the best approach is to set forth the thesis. The author sees political power as the most important of all human inequalities. The most terrible problem of life is the fear of the ruling power, a mysterious and reciprocal fear that always arises between a government and its subjects. All government would be merely naked terror, were it not for legitimacy, which is a tacit and implied agreement between government and its subjects upon certain rules and principles that determine the conferment and limits of its power. Legitimacy exorcises fear and justifies the right to rule by basing it, at least passively, upon consent. Only during the past few centuries has a part of mankind, the West, enjoyed a period of legitimate government; and only two forms of legitimacy have been developed: the aristo-monarchic and the democratic. Both of them are just and rational up to a certain point and under certain conditions, and become absurd when these condi-

tions are lacking. As soon as one of the parties no longer respects the implied contract, the principle of legitimacy loses its strength, and fear returns. Arbitrary and violent despotism is always the result of illegitimacy, which brings about revolutionary government or dictatorship, founded on mutual fear and governing by violence. All Western history since 1789 must be interpreted as a clash between these two principles, and failure to understand this point has led to confused interpretations of nineteenth century history. A final characteristic of these principles is that a people cannot choose between them, for they are imposed by an historical evolution; since democracy alone can inspire universal consent today, it alone can become legitimate in our time.

To state this thesis is to expose a number of assumptions that are difficult of proof and propositions that need rigid qualification. In some cases the author furnishes neither. Nor is clarity served by his elaborate use of the figure of the invisible "Genii of the City." And Dr. Ferrero weakens the confidence of his readers with such oft-repeated conceits as, "I have one advantage over all the mighty ones of the earth . . . I do understand."

Although few would accept all the ramifications of the author's thought, this is an intensely stimulating and provocative volume. His demonstration that parliamentarianism is not an absolute, and his outline of conditions necessary for its operation, merit very close attention. If history teaches any lesson, it is true that ". . . democracy cannot be legitimized without an internal spiritual unity, if all the people are not in agreement both on the principle of legitimacy and on the great moral and religious principles of life. If that unity does not exist, the right of opposition becomes the battle ground for a struggle to the death. Political parties, instead of tilting with each other in tournaments of chivalry, seek to destroy each other." He gives an accurate analysis of the two concepts covered by our word "revolution," and marshals all his forces against those who would reform by a violent overthrow of the existing legal system. He correctly estimates the strength and weakness of the old régimes. He pays tribute to the function of Christianity in the history of the West, estimates the contribution of religion to progress and insists on a return to traditional philosophy. Although much is questionable, there is abundant truth between these covers.

Into this final volume of an esteemed historiographer was poured all his accumulated wisdom: his wide knowledge of Roman institutions; his interest in the French Revolution and its aftermath; his intimate acquaintance with modern Italian politics. From personal experience he can tell the dramatic story of the fall of Giolitti and the tragedy of Italian participation in World War I. His years of exile undoubtedly sharpened his political perceptions. It is a tragedy that he is not alive today to carry forward the debate that must arise on the doubtful points of his thesis.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

BRIEFER

The British Colonial Empire. W. E. Simnett. Norton. \$3.00.

THIS volume draws a sharp distinction between the British Commonwealth of Nations (the Dominions of Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa) plus India and the Colonial Empire. It treats forty smaller territories inhabited by 65,000,000 people of every race, color and creed. A sympathetic study of the system.

The Inner Forum

Interracial Award

THE James J. Hoey Award for Interracial Justice has just been made for the first time. It is a medal to be conferred each year on the two Catholic laymen—white and colored—"who have made the most outstanding contribution during the year to the cause of interracial justice." The first recipients are Frank A. Hall of Washington, D. C., and Robert LaSalle of Kansas City, Kan.

Mr. Hall has been Director of the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference for the past ten years and has been instrumental in calling the attention of readers of diocesan papers throughout the United States to the importance of interracial matters. Mr. LaSalle is President and founder of the Catholic Interracial Council of Kansas City, Kan., where conditions in the packing industry have led to considerable racial antagonisms.

The James J. Hoey medals, which were presented to Mr. Hall and Mr. LaSalle at the De Porres Interracial Center in New York City on October 25, the Feast of Christ the King, were designed by Georg Lober. They are silver and bear the inscription: "I am the vine; you are the branches."

Auxiliary Bishop Stephen J. Donahue of New York presided at the ceremonies and reminded the gathering that "in the Kingdom there is no distinction of color or race." Rev. John La Farge, S.J., of *America*, chaplain of the Interracial Council, declared: "The purpose of this award is to encourage Catholics in the practice and promotion of interracial justice according to the spirit and mind of Christ Our Savior, speaking through His Church and interpreting to the world the law that the Creator Himself has written in the hearts of creatures."

* * *

The *Interracial Review* reports that a Negro Captain will be in command of the new liberty ship, *Booker T. Washington*, which was launched September 29 in Wilmington, Calif. and goes into service this month. Captain Hugh Mulzac of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the only American Negro to hold a Master's Certificate and he will sail with a crew composed of both white and Negro officers and men. Captain Mulzac has the assurance of officials of the National Maritime Union that they will cooperate with him in obtaining his crew.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. Jean C. de MENASCE, formerly associated with Archbishop Constantini, is at present acting as assistant in the parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Washington, D. C.

Max GRAF was professor of history and the esthetics of music at the State Academy in Vienna until 1938. He also lectured at the Austro-American Institute of Education in Vienna and at the Mozarteum in Salzburg. He is the author of many articles and a number of books on musical subjects.

E. V. R. WYATT is the drama critic of the *Catholic World*. She lectures and contributes articles and book reviews to many periodicals.

Rev. Robert W. GARDNER, M.M., is on the staff of *The Field Afar*.

Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is at present serving as a Navy Chaplain.

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